

The Christian Reflector.

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Foreign Correspondence of the Christian Reflector.

Letters on France.—No. 13.

LACORDAIRE.

Lacordaire, the most popular preacher at Paris, became distinguished in youth for his talents and acquirements. At the college of Dijon, where he was educated, he was always chosen by his fellow-students as their official orator on public occasions. Besides bearing off all the usual prizes, he received at the close of his academic course, on account of his remarkable superiority, an extraordinary prize, consisting of a set of medallions of the Kings of France.

At that period, however, nothing in his turn of mind gave indication of his future destiny. On the contrary, both in college and in the law-school, where he was an active member of a debating society, he made himself conspicuous, not only by his abilities, but still more by his bold avowal of sceptical opinions, borrowed from his favorite authors, Voltaire, Diderot, Helvétius, and other celebrated infidels. He did not even go so far as the 'profession of faith of the Savoyard Vicar,' and was ever ready to aim against religion, some argument drawn from the philosophical arsenal of the eighteenth century.

Yet Henri Lacordaire had been subjected from infancy, to Christian influences. Born in 1801 or 1802, of a respectable family in a small country town in the department of *la côte d'Or*, where his father, whom he early lost, was a physician, he had passed his boyhood under the eye of a pious and tender mother, a second Monica, whose chief solicitude was to bring up this modern Augustine in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. M. Lacordaire has since accused the University of having choked, by its atmosphere of doubt and unbelief, the good influence of maternal precepts. But while he was at the University, nearly all its officers were priests, and if the accusation is just, it does not tell, as he designed it, in favor of priestly control over the interests of education. Probably, he might have accused more justly the waywardness natural to youth, and the spirit of skepticism generally prevalent at that time.

After completing his law-studies, he went to Paris, where he was occupied eighteen months in the office of an advocate of the Court of Cassation. He had already made his debut at the bar with distinction, (as a *stagiaire*, or residuary, according to the French custom,) when his former comrades at Dijon were suddenly astonished to hear that he was preparing to enter the theological seminary of St. Sulpice. The news at first seemed incredible; even his mother had not been previously informed of this abrupt decision. However, the report was speedily confirmed; the robe of the lawyer had been laid aside for the gown of the churchman.

M. Lacordaire, in one of his writings, thus refers to this important crisis in his life:

'I had lived nine years in a state of incertainty, when I heard the voice of God recalling me to His service. If seek in the depths of my memory for the logical cause of my conversion, I discover none, except the historical and social evidence of Christianity, evidence, which became clear to me as soon as years had enlightened the mist of doubts that I had breathed in, like the air, at the University. Moreover, of the will, where the intellect plays only an inferior part.'

Here begins for M. Lacordaire, a new life. But it is not peace, obscurity, and repose of spirit which await him in the priesthood; it is rather noisy reputation, fierce encounters, storm within and without; the same warlike ardor that animated the unbeliever, will animate the believer. Faith will only change the direction of this nature, so essentially revolutionary; the man will struggle in the priest, and the priest in the age, and there must ensue strife, sudden transformations, audacious attempts followed by hasty and unforeseen retreats, a continual flux and reflux of ideas, from leaving the Seminary, until that Sabbath in 1842, when in spite of winter weather, ten thousand hearers assembled within the cathedral of Notre Dame, to see rising above the flock of a Dominican a pale and emaciated countenance, with black and sparkling eyes, and to hear a frail and vibrating voice descend upon the history of France, from a Catholic, apostolic, and Roman point of view.

It may here be remarked that comparatively few of Lacordaire's discourses are anything else than brilliant Lectures upon history. Some of them, moreover, are marked no less by historical inaccuracies than by pompous figures of rhetoric. In one of his sermons, he speaks of the 'glorious and holy League, the grandeur of which will each day be more fully comprehended, inasmuch as when the nationality of a people is saved, all faults are lost in glory.' Now the League was a movement exclusively religious, of which Philip II. and Sixtus V. held the reins, and besides, this sentence presents a singular conjunction of ideas, basing the 'glorious and holy League' upon an idea peculiar to 1793; when the nationality of a people is saved, all faults are lost in glory. Thus, in order to justify the massacre of St. Bartholomew, M. Lacordaire borrows an argument from the advocates of those who massacred the priests at the Abbé. All absolute spirits are brothers.

But historical inaccuracies, and exploded opinions of the middle ages, and even propositions most opposed to the spirit of the present age, as well as often contradictory to sentiments expressed by the speaker himself, all pass unnoticed in the torrent of patriotic

eloquence which Lacordaire is in the habit of pouring forth at his conferences. It is true that the object of all this eloquence is to prove to France that Rome loves it, and therefore it should love Rome, but to accomplish this object, the orator addresses to France, in the name of Rome, a series of compliments, which would seem incredible to those who have not heard him. Often leaving out of sight the peculiar dogmas of his church, he discourses on the history of France, the conquests of Napoleon, the laws of the republic, literature, and the fine arts. On one occasion, after having unrolled before his delighted auditors, a brilliant picture of French glory, after exclaiming, 'Be proud, then, of having been baptized, and above all, of having been baptized as Frenchmen,' 'Glorifiez-vous donc d'être baptisés et ourouis d'être baptisés français,'—the preacher stopped off of breath, and said to the thousands of Frenchmen around him, to whose vanity he had been ministering:—'I am too long, gentlemen, but it is your fault, it is your own history that I am relating—Come on, we must drink to the lees, this cup of glory!' No wonder that this singular apostrophe extorted another from a popular writer, who makes no pretences as a religious teacher, but who as a sensible man, could not refrain from exclaiming: 'Oh! austere preachers of the seventeenth century, whose voice knew only to proclaim, before the most glorious tombs, the nothingness of human glory, where are ye?' It was in the same sermon that Lacordaire not only declared the French to be 'the first nation in the world, but even went so far as to intimate that they would have 'the first rank in heaven,' and to wish that they might 'wear in paradise some distinctive mark,'—doubtless, the cross of the legion of honor.

I would not, like Lacordaire, force my readers to 'drink this cup to the lees,' and therefore, as I perceive my letter is already too long, I will bring it to a close.

ALCUIN.

For the Christian Reflector.

Revival Influence.—No. 6.

TO SECURE AND EXTEND PEACE, REVIVAL INFLUENCE IS GREATLY NEEDED. There is a bond of peace which should never be broken. A bond which should unite all men to God and each other. Such a bond once connected the moral universe. Sin has broken this bond, and spread rebellion, contention and war in every section of our world. How can the controversy be settled, and peace return to bless all our race? By an influence from the heavenly world. To prepare the way, Christ has come to 'make peace by the blood of his cross.' He is the 'Prince of Peace,' his message is 'the gospel of peace,' and his spirit is the spirit of peace. The Holy Spirit removes all obstacles, applies the gospel remedy, and settles a permanent peace. But that Spirit is a *revival* spirit. His work is now greatly needed.

1. To make 'peace with God.' When justified by faith, we have with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' All the Lord's people once enjoyed this peace. Each one could say,

'How sweet the day, how calm the night,
When walking in thy blissful light;
My lips were praise, my tongue was prayer,
My soul was heaven, for God was there.'

But many have lost this peace. The world has come in, human passions have been revived, the spirit of peace has departed, and left them in controversy with God. Who have done this? Let the search be made in all our churches, in all our families, and in all our hearts. Let one say, 'Lord, is it I?' and another, 'Lord, is it I?' until the whole company of disciples are searched and called out into the light of day. Let us all return unto the Lord, and he will 'make our peace as a river, and our righteousness as the waves of the sea.' The *peace of God* will rule in our hearts, we shall 'live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with us.' Blessed peace! when 'we live in the peace of God rules in us'; when we 'live in peace, and the God of love and peace lives in us.'

A little disciple once said to her mother, 'You know, when you have been angry with a person, and it is all made up, how happy you feel. Now, I have been a long time angry with God, and it is all made up, and I feel so happy.' O, let us submit to the Spirit, settle the controversy with God, and we shall all be happy.

2. To make peace among all the saints. This subject was very near the Redeemer's heart. The prophet calls him the 'Prince of Peace,' and declares that 'of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end.' When his disciples entered a place, they were to 'say peace be to this house; and if the son of peace should be there, the peace would remain.' As they gathered around him, before he bled on the cross, he said, 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.' On the memorable first evening of the week, 'the doors being shut, he came and stood in the midst, saying, peace be unto you.' And when he showed them his feet and his hands,' he repeated, 'peace be unto you.' Eight days after, the heavenly blessing was again announced, 'peace be unto you.' This peace, he is remembered, was given along with the Holy Spirit. 'He breathed on them, and said, receive ye the Holy Spirit.'

When the apostles went forth, they preached peace by Jesus Christ.' When Paul wrote, the subject was near his heart: 'Unto the churches of God, to them who are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints, with all that in every place call on the name of our Lord Jesus Christ; grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ.' 'Be at peace among yourselves.' Now, we desire to see this peace of God pervade the whole redeemed

family. But to effect this, the revival spirit perched to his soul. 'Civilization and plenty,' said he, 'are not enough; they must have Christianity.' So he petitioned, urged and pleaded, and in fact opened the way for the first Christian missions to the aborigines and the new settlers of Oregon. 'And they must have schools too.' So he established the first school ever gathered and taught in that new world. On his way thither, at one time, thousands were stricken by the cholera and instrumentality. Hence he fled to the hands of Mexican bandits, and came within a hair's breadth of assassination.—Again, he sickened to the point of death, and found himself not, as he supposed, in the hands of friends, but with men ready to leave him a prey to the first savage or hyena that passed by. At another time, the murderer's bullet whistled by, and waved the hair upon his head. But in all and many such scenes, a peculiar Providence seemed to rescue and protect; nor amidst these scenes, nor at any time, from childhood to advanced age, did he ever profane word pollute his lips. 'My mother's instructions,' said he, 'were ever-present precepts; I could not forget them; they have been my guardian angels.'

Cain commenced war, and reddened his hands and his soul with a brother's blood. The spirit and work of Cain have remained on the earth, and brother has risen up against brother, and nation has dashed against nation. Xerxes lost 5,000,000 subjects in the invasion of Greece. Caesar covered Europe with battles and blood, and sent the wall of sorrow on every breeze. Alexander begirt the world with the crimson stream, and in the wars of Napoleon, nearly 6,000,000 perished in battle strife. Since the commencement of the 12th century, England and France have been engaged in war with each other some 300 years; and since the days of Nimrod, the sun has seldom rose and set without shining on the blood of murdered victims, while the angel of peace has wept over the tombs of slaughtered millions. And what shall we say of our beloved land? I am pained at my very heart, I cannot hold my peace, because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet and the alarm of war, where are ye?' It was in the same sermon that Lacordaire not only declared the French to be 'the first nation in the world, but even went so far as to intimate that they would have 'the first rank in heaven,' and to wish that they might 'wear in paradise some distinctive mark,'—doubtless, the cross of the legion of honor.

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mon, somewhat on the plan of the Tribune, and the people according to their necessities. Nevertheless, there was occasionally a famine in all the land. Slavery existed with this peculiarity, that the children of slaves were always free.

The religion of these people was a mixture of semi-brutality. They worshipped an immaterial Supreme Being, whom they called Taati, and believed in the existence of an evil spirit, with the unpronounceable name of Tluatecatotl. They believed a dog had as much of a soul as a man, and both were immortal. They divided the future state into three existences, with mansions of corresponding character. They also worshipped innumerable divinities, who were the instructors of youth, the painters, poets and astronomers of their country. One of the most revolting of their religious rites was that of the sacrifice of human beings. The worshippers of these divinities often slew themselves before the altars, and as many as 20,000 victims annually perished to propitiate their favor.

Their money consisted of the beans of the cacao-nut, a bag of which was equal to \$800 units, and a quill full of gold ore, such as one may now see in the hands of the Carolina and Georgia miners, representing four hundred.

THE REFLECTOR.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1848.

Office of Ch. Reflector, No. 52, Washington Street.

Military Defences of England.

The Duke of Wellington, some months since, addressed a letter to Sir John Burgoyne, a military officer, who had been giving attention to the possible results of a war between France and England. The Duke's letter, which has been recently published, and is exciting no small degree of interest in Great Britain, is occupied with urging on England the importance of increasing her standing army, multiplying and strengthening her seaboard defences. It would appear from the tenor of this communication that the 'Iron Duke,' notwithstanding the achievements of British arms under his command in Spain and at Waterloo, is yet terrified with the power which renders France as capable of wounding, and the force which she can muster against her old enemy and rival.

The spectacle of an old man, having now reached the age of almost fourscore years, recommending mighty preparations for rolling back the tide of invasion that in imagination he sees visiting the proudest nation on the globe, is one full of instruction. It shows that the dependencies of military men are upon military appliances,—not upon arbitration, the principles of the gospel, or the arts of peace. The Duke of Wellington is rapidly sinking into the common resting-place of the victor and the vanquished, where the worm will feed as sweetly upon him as upon Napoleon. To what he may be looking forward beyond the grave, we are unable to say. It may be visions of joy and peace at God's right hand; but he cannot, as it seems to us, be looking forught but the rule of force and the reign of blood on earth, or his would be another legacy than that we leave the British public. He can have thought but little of the effectual coming on earth of that kingdom whose setting up, prophecy assures us, is to be signalized by 'an abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.' The great war chieftains of our world have never, it would seem, fixed in their minds so much as the beginning of that process of mighty love which is to break every heart, cast asunder every spear, and burn every chariot in the fire, as all the people shall be still and know God, that He alone will be exalted in the heavens and exalted in the earth.

'I am bordering,' says Wellington, at the close of his letter, 'upon seventy-seven years of age, passed,' he declares, 'in honor. I hope that the Almighty may protect me from being the witness of the tragedy which I cannot possibly contemplate to take measures to avert.' These measures, the reader will understand, are a multiplication of the men and the munitions of war. Let millions starve, as they may. No project for their relief could come from such a source. The proposition rather is to further absorb the resources of a country already drained and distracted in further preparations for fight.

These offerings on the altar of military chieftainship are almost sure to end up such incense as the foregoing. Let us beware of this glorifying of warriors on American shores, as we think of the fruits which must bring along with it. For one we say, cursed be the profession of the soldier, except in the last and most extreme case of defensive necessity.

So long as men honor the warrior more than the philanthropist the civilian, so long will battle and blood continue. So long as active preparations, large and prodigal outlays, are made for either aggression or defense, so long will war continue. The saying, 'in time of peace prepare for war,' in the sense in which it is commonly used, is worthy only of Barbarians. When will the nations of the earth show that, like the small company of Gideon going forth, in the name of the Lord, against a numerous host of proud invaders, they have some little faith in rectitude and in God?

So warlike a recommendation as the one which we are quoting, is of course contagious. Accounts reach us that the partially covered embankments of strife threaten again to be kindled, and to involve all Europe once more in the flame of war. Each nation is thrown, in consequence, upon increasing, not the happiness of its subjects, but its resources for prowess, for defence and victory. 'The mischief of such discussions,' well remarks an English correspondent of the New York Commercial, 'has been strikingly illustrated by the fact that they have now as a master of course been responded to on the other side,—the French having become awakened to the necessity of expending a few millions sterling on the fortifications of Havre. In this way, the talk of war breeds war. Each nation meets the preparation of the other by a still bolder step, until it becomes out of the question that so much preparation shall be allowed to be wasted.'

Doats wake
An echo with the clatter of the drum
And lo! at a hand a drew is ready braced
A sabre, and shall reverberate no hoof or snare,
Strikes at the heart, and still the steel
Rattle as loudly in the wekin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouthed thunder.

Roger Williams.

The Vermont Chronicle thus speaks of Mr. J. Prentiss Hall's recent oration at the anniversary of the Society of Pilgrims in New York:

'If the Sociey of Pilgrims in the short title has been recreant to the principles of the Pilgrims, it is not the fault of its orators; and of Mr. Hall, little if any of any one. She shows, in language of hearty approbation, and from original authorities, what were really the motives that brought the first settlers of Plymouth to their present retreat; answers triumphantly all the accusations which have been brought against the several colonies in regard to their treatment of the Indians, and of Quakers, Baptists, &c.—not forgetting Roger Williams and the Salem witchcraft; and dwells with delight on the principles and aims of our ancestors, and their glorious traits. With a thorough knowledge of the facts, Mr. Hall conducts the discussion, &c.'

A class of individuals have lately started forth to vindicate the errors of the Puritans. They go in for a wholesale endorsement of all that the Pilgrims did. This certainly is an advance of retrograde, and has its goal somewhere between the seventh and seventeenth centuries. It is a kind of Orthodox Puseyism that glorifies the Cromwellian hardly

less than do some of our Episcopalian friends the Nicene age. A man, if a gib assailant of Roger Williams, and a defender of those acts which drove him out from his parish and from his home into a wilderness,—which bore down with stringent persecution the Baptists and the Quakers, is all at once, however, notoriously superficial, or even worse, put down in the category of excellence, and declared to have 'a thorough knowledge of the facts,' and to have been wonderfully eloquent. We are sorry to see the Vermont Chronicle lending itself to such a work.

We beg to inquire whether the objects of this Society of the Pilgrims are carried out by such

propositions as that of Mr. Hall's. If we are to look

for such published ends and aims from this organization, we shall not be long, certainly, in understanding its spirit, and the unpronounceable name of Tluatecatotl. They believed a dog had as much of a soul as a man, and both were immortal. They divided the future state into three existences, with mansions of corresponding character. They also worshipped innumerable divinities, who were the instructors of youth, the painters, poets and astronomers of their country. One of the most revolting of their religious rites was that of the sacrifice of human beings. The worshippers of these divinities often slew themselves before the altars, and as many as 20,000 victims annually perished to propitiate their favor.

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Revival Influence.

MR. EDITOR.—I have read with special interest

the article in your paper, headed 'Revival Influence,' partly because of my favorable opinion of the writer, and partly because of the genuine Christian spirit which they breathe. They are not only the mature thoughts of one who has had large experience and observation in the work of revival, but the outpourings of a mind that has 'taught the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come,' and earnestly desires the return of those days which were so illustriously signalized by Christ's enlargement. I hope we will pursue the subject, and follow up his appeals to the professed followers of Christ until they shall awake to the claim of duty. He has a right to speak, for he is not obnoxious to the charge of inconsistency.

Are the ministers—the pastors of churches—who

read your paper, thoroughly pained with the tide of

the revivals? Do they a burning love for souls? Do they sincerely desire the conversion of their hearers? Do they preach the law of God in such a manner as to convince of sin? Do they exhibit the provisions of the gospel in their richness, fulness and freeness? Do they pray, as if they desired the influences of the Spirit to accompany their preaching? Do they live before the godly in such a way as to enforce the truth of their pulpit messages? Are they as faithful in private conversation, as in their public addresses? Do their words and their actions correspond the one to the other, and thus produce identity of impression? Is it manifest to all who know them, that they desire, above all things, the salvation of their people?

I know very well that pastors, in these times, have much to deplore and dishearten them, and they have my cordial sympathy. While their churches are so worldly, so indifferent to their covenant obligations, so neglectful of prayer and Christian effort, it is extremely difficult for them to make any impression upon the masses of unbeliever around them. Like ships locked in the ice of polar seas, they can hardly keep their own souls from freezing. But let them not despair. The rays of the Sun of Righteousness can melt away the 'thick-ribbed ice' that encloses them. The 'Revival Influence' can work wonders. For this influence let them 'pray without ceasing.' Let them preach faithfully, and live as they preach, and trust the promises. GOD IS TRUE.

FRATER.

Letters from the late Editor.

Personal matters—Starting Paper—Sobriety—Paper at Palermo—Christianity—Exodus—Gospel—Inscription—Picaturer phenomena—Return—Conclusion.

Kington, Jamaica, 1848.

To the Rev. J. W. Olmsted:

MY DEAR BROTHER.—You were aware before I left America, that I had resigned the idea of establishing a religious newspaper in Jamaica, at least for the present. The island cannot sustain more than one religious weekly, and the publication of a small sheet was commenced, during the summer, at Falmouth, on the north side of the island. With the intelligence of this fact, I received an invitation to pass the winter at the Mico Institution, in the family of its excellent Principal, with whom I formed so agreeable an acquaintance during the previous winter. This invitation was presented in such a manner, and accompanied with such proposals, that I could not well decline it; and indeed a more happy arrangement for me and my family, in my present state of health, could not have been made. It is doubly pleasant, from the fact that while it secures to me a quiet and comparatively easy life with all the advantages of a congenial climate, it affords me an opportunity to be useful. A class of eighteen promising young men are here receiving an education preparatory to the profession of teachers. The pleasant labor of conducting a part of their recitations I have assumed, and although my vocal organs are thus employed more than I could wish, I am not conscious as yet of receiving any injury. This institution is supported by 'Lady Mico's charity,' a fund from which a similar normal school is sustained at Antigua, and several primary schools at St. Lucia. The annual appropriation to the institution at this place is five thousand dollars. Only the interest of the fund is employed. The number of children belonging to two model schools on the premises is about one hundred and fifty.

Having this from the place some three miles farther north to the mouth of a small river, a quiet stream of clear fresh water, which the low tides of these latitudes scarcely affect, even at its very outlet. Up this beautiful winding stream we ascended, under the shadows of dense and overhanging foliage, until the fatigue of the rowers was a reason for resting and returning. With the profusion of trees and bushes on the banks, there were two distinct classes of objects to divert our attention; one was the groups of bushy, nearly nude, women in the water and some out, all but nearly nude, and none appearing in the least terrified or ashamed; the other was the crabs, so numerous that they almost covered the ground in many spots, but all stuck directly into their holes the moment we approached the shore. One species of these crabs we saw also at the cavern, which we visited in the morning. They were inhabiting various sorts of sea-shells which had been cast up by the waves, and it amused us to see how they would contrive to huddle together with these shells, from one place to another, sticking out one or two claws and frequently rolling over. Some of our company, acquainted with their habits, said they go into small shells when young, and on growing too large for their habitation, seek more commodious apartments in shells of a different species. The only way we could induce them to leave the shell he had chosen was to take them near the fire; the heat caused them to run in haste. This species of crab is partly of red color, and is called by the natives 'the soldier.'

Our return from the river to the city of Kingston by a direct route, occupied little more than an hour, as a fine breeze sprang up and allowed us the use of a sail—a great relief to certain blistered hands of volunteer oarsmen.

SUCH. BRO. EDITOR, was my Christmas holiday,

excepting the cheerful conversational anecdote and pleasant repartee, which I have not time to report nor the space to print. Suffice it to say, some of the most worthy and agreeable gentlemen, with whom I have ever met, belonged to the

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will live in anxiety. The Baptist Church is the most numerous, and the commerce, among the crowned and the mercantile, as well as the mercantile, as the cause of the increase in the number of Christians. Christ's God's people, and the church looks back, and is recent, and is of pi-

Foreign Miscellany.

Prepared from English papers received at this office.

CIME IN IRELAND.—Little property in Ireland are as unsafe as ever, although active measures have been taken by the civil authorities, to arrest the perpetrators of the outrages. In one town in the county of Clare, it is stated that twenty-two individuals are imprisoned, charged with the crime of murder, besides a long array of criminals awaiting trial for minor offences. Threatening notices are still posted in public places, and upon the dwellings of persons obnoxious to the writers. The following was attached to the park gate of a gentleman named Vandale, and as a specimen of the spirit and orthodoxy of these productions may be read with interest:

"Take notice, Croton Vandale If you don't change your mind, and give up to the young as well the old And Not to put a stop to the U'publicke Works as you are and also Captain Kennedy, if ye Done by this Notice bime me will; will do with me that will fit Fire-cause—So have your will made in time."

AN ENGLISH BISHOP IN CHINA.—It is intended to form a new bishopric somewhere in the Chinese seas—probably at Victoria—upwards of 18,000, having been contributed for the purpose. About 20,000 are required before the consent of the government for the foundation of a new see can be obtained.

SECULARIZATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY IN SWITZERLAND.—The grand council of the canton of the Valais has decided on the secularization of all the property of the clergy and the religious orders in the canton. The monks of the Great St. Bernard, so celebrated throughout Europe for their hospitality to travellers, had resisted the payment of the fine inflicted on them in consequence of the part they took in the late civil war, and had withdrawn to Piedmont, leaving the monastery of the Great St. Bernard deserted. Their flight was voluntary, and the provisional government have left them perfectly free to return thither. They have not been despoiled of their property, but merely condemned to pay a fine—a measure which was taken toward all those who excited to the revolt against the Diet.

THE CHOLERA IN RUSSIA.—The official reports respecting the state of cholera are less distressing. In general the disease is by no means so malignant a character as in 1831 and 1832, and it appears to decline as it advances northward.

WILLIAM THOM, THE POET.—A London paper describes the present condition of the Scotch poet, William Thom:

"Of his invitation to London, his arrival here, his reception, and the publication of his poems, the public have long since been aware; but there are very few persons who have any knowledge of his last residence, and of his return back to Scotland, if not entirely 'broken home,' at least so reduced in mind and body as to offer a melancholy contrast to what he was four years since, when a public festival was held to greet him, and the future promised most fair. For several months previous to the day he left England, he had been very ill, and very removed. In this crisis the directors of the Literary Fund Society granted him 400, and, with this sum Thom instantly set about the realization of a scheme he had long since entertained—namely, a return to Scotland, and the opening of a little shop for the sale of periodicals, through the profits arising from which, and an occasional contribution of poetry to the magazines, he hoped to be enabled to pass the remainder of his life in peace and comparative comfort. That the hand goes with the pen, is well known; and the Thoms to his native land, we have no doubt. The London chapter in his life illustrates, in a remarkable degree, the misfortunes attending the career of those who trust to literature for bread, and look towards London as the place in which their claims to fortune are sure of recognition."

MILITARY DEFENCES OF ENGLAND.—Mr. Cobden has written a letter protesting against the sudden outcry, on this subject, which to him is 'utterly unintelligible.' 'The whole affair,' he truly says, 'must have been the work of some gossiping idlers at our clubs, or of military men, impatient at the neglect into which their profession has fallen after 30 years of peace.' He adds also: 'If these parties, and our diplomats and foreign Ministers would be quiet, there never was a time when from the inevitable tendencies of the age the English and French nations were in so fair a way as they are at present, to forget their ancient animosities. It is more than the lifetime of an entire generation since the last sanguinary and irrational conflict between England and France was brought to a close. Upward of 60,000,000 of human beings have in that interval passed to their graves in the two countries, and is it taking too favorable a view of human nature to believe that much of our old national hatred lies buried with them?'

Literary Notices.

GENERAL HISTORY OF THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION IN AMERICA, AND OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD, by David Benedict. New York: Lewis Colby & Co. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. It is due to Baptists, to every religious denomination, that it should seek to collect and preserve the materials of its own history. Hence any important though incomplete contribution to this end, is deserving a welcome. Mr. Benedict is already well known from his former labors in this department.

For these, and, we feel the need of the kind support, we are glad to have this the first time in our history.

RELIGION. Any of the and out of Richards' church

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The Family Circle.

The Flower of Scotia's Clime.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.
Where Eildon hills in beauty rise,
And Tweed's bright waters spread,
And the romantic Loche rolls
Along its pebbly bed;
While birds among the heather sing
At the sweet vernal time;
A youthful lover fondly wou'd
The flower of Scotia's clime.
Roun'd in the shaded musing, the bloom'd
Beneath fraternal care—
Yet where old Dryburgh's turrets rise,
With orient winds fair,
A briar tract was wandering on,
Summer's freshest prime,
For he, that ardent youth, had won
The flower of Scotia's clime.
He bore her to the broad, green West,
Across the blythe sheet,
And plod'd her in his garden fair,
To his Edin queen,
While tender plants of trusting love
Sprang up for matron-prime,
And well their ripening fragrance cleav'd
The flower of Scotia's clime.
But sorrow steals o'er earthly joy,
As winter strips the bower—
Nor can afferce's sleepless watch
Repeal the spoiler's power—
When autumn blossoms rare
Were in their golden prime,
Low, on her death-cold pillow lay
The flower of Scotia's clime.
Yet grace like her survives the tomb,
The immortal essence rose
To him on whose dying word
The pure in heart repose—
And where unfading blonds bloom,
Mid human solitude,
She finds a home, where here we called
The flower of Scotia's clime.
Western Literary Messenger.

Sketch of John Knox.

Our readers, we are sure, have been much interested in perusing the Sketches of Ministers of the 16th Century, that have already appeared. We intend to give more of these historical and very instructive portraits, as we have room and opportunity. Here is a sketch of a minister of the 16th century—John Knox—which we some time since marked for a place in our columns. The extract forms a chapter in that charming book, Turnbull's Genius of Scotland, and embraces a unique, brief, but complete view of the Great Northern Reformer.

John Knox's House—History of the Reformation—Carlyle's View—Testimony of John Milton.

Let us now descend from the Castle, and, at the head of the Netherbow, where we shall see the house of that stern but glorious old reformer, John Knox. There is, looking enough now among those miserable gin-shops, paint-shops, and so forth; yet hallowed by the recollections of the past. Over the door is an inscription, invisible from the numerous signs-boards that cover it, containing the spirit and essence of that lofty Puritanism which Knox preached:

"LIVE, GOD, ABOVE ALL, AND YOUR NICHES, BOUR, AS YOURSELF."

In this house Knox lived many years; here also without a touch of gentleness and infidelity, in holy triumph; and from that little window he is said frequently to have addressed the populace. A rude stone effigy of the Reformer may be seen at the corner, and near it, cut in the stone, the name of God, in Greek, Latin, and English. It is gratifying to know that measures have recently been taken to erect a monument to Knox, near this spot, which shall be worthy of his memory.

The character of Knox has been terribly blackened by heartless and infidel historians, and especially by sickly sentimentalists of the Werner school. Nevertheless, he was a noble-hearted, truth-loving, sham-hating, God-fearing, self-sacrificing man; a hero in the proper sense of the word, a minister of righteousness, an angel of Reform. Not, indeed, a soft, half-eared, piling sentimentalism; but a lofty, iron-hearted man, who "never feared the face of clay," and did God's will, in spite of devils, popes, and kings. His history possesses the deepest and most romantic interest. It is one of the most magnificent passages in Scottish story. Bruce battled for a crown; Knox battled for the truth. Both conquered, after long toils and strug- gles; and conquered mainly by the might of their single arm. But the glory which irradiates the hero of the Reformer far outshines that of the hero of Bannockburn, for the latter is earthly and evanescent; the former celestial and immortal.

John Knox was born in Haddington, not far from Edinburgh, of poor but honest parents, in the year 1505; grew up in solitude; was destined for the church; received a thorough collegiate education; became an honest friar; wore the monk's cowl for many years; adopted silently and unostentatiously the principles of the Protestant Reformation; rebuked the great of his day, and died a martyr.

Knox was seized by the authorities, and sent a prisoner to France in 1547, where he worked in the galleys as a slave, but ever maintained his lofty courage and cheerful hope; was set at liberty two years afterwards; preached in England in the time of Edward the Sixth; refused a bishopric from the king of Mary, residing chiefly at Geneva and Frankfurt; returned to Scotland in 1555; labored with indomitable perseverance to establish Protestantism; rebuked the great for immorality, profaneness and rapacity, and succeeded in greatly strengthening the cause of truth and freedom. At the earnest solicitation of the English congregation in Geneva, he went thither a second time; there he published "The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment (Government) of Women," directed principally against Mary, Queen of England, and Mary of Guise, Regent of Scotland, two narrow-minded miserable despots; returned to Scotland in 1559; continued his exertions in behalf of Christ's truth; did much to establish common schools; finally saw Protestantism triumphant in Scotland, and died in 1572, so poor that his family had scarce suffrage to bury him, but with the universal voice of homage of his countrymen a complete victory. He had a sore fight of an existence; wrestling with popes and principalities; in deep contention, life-long struggle; rowing as a galley-slave, wandering at sea. A sore fight, but he won it. "Have you hope?" they asked him in his last moment when he could no longer speak. He lifted his finger, pointed upwards with his finger, and so died. Honor to him! His works have not died. The letter of his work dies, as of all men's; but the spirit of it never."

Knox has been much abused for his violent

* Carlyle—*Hero Worship*, p. 174.

THE CHRISTIAN REFLECTOR, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1848.

Moralist and Miscellanist.

Cowper and his Critic.

In reading the life of Cowper lately, I saw some remarks of his upon poetry, certain criticisms of poetry, which I thought might be interesting to the readers of the Chronicle. Cowper had made a small poem to the publishers, when some friendly critic took up all, have aided in concealing the terrible stain of infidelity to her marriage vows, and the implied murder of her wretched husband, charges which her apologists can extenuate, but not deny. But, though it is an insufferable thing for a plain, honest-hearted man like John Knox to tell the truth to such an one! She was young, beautiful, fascinating; and however recklessly, madly, ruinously wrong, he must not advise her above all, must not warn her! Now, such a notion may possibly commend itself to your absolute gentlemen, of very soft society, full of most excellent differences and good, and the readers are troubled with the same squeamishness as themselves. So that if a fine does not run as smooth as quicksilver, this is a poem as a cook serves a dead turkey when it started him, but it is also produced suckers, which it was necessary to break off; he therefore preferred ploughing-all his

"I did not write the line," says he, that was been tampered with, hardly or without due attention to the construction of it; and present state, entirely annihilated.

"I know that the ears of modern ver-

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readers are troubled with the same squeamishness as themselves. So that if a fine does not run as smooth as quicksilver, this is a poem as a cook serves a dead turkey when it started him, but it is also produced suckers, which it was necessary to break off; he therefore preferred ploughing-all his

"I did not write the line," says he, that was been tampered with, hardly or without due attention to the construction of it; and present state, entirely annihilated.

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